We Ride

R. Kelly

Uh, huh, I remember when I back in the days when I ain't got shit
But now that I got shit, niggas wanna keep up shit
But it's all good watch me do this shit[Cam'Ron]
Yo yo yo yo ay yo from my town to Chitown
R. Kelly got some thugs to make you lock down
Voice cry hot sounds tied down cop twisters
Shop lifters with Benini schemes
Smoke greenie green candyman up in Cabrini green
Some cats I know like to splurge on they wrists
But my man karate man cut the nerves out his fist
But yo put your hands up y'all it's love in here
It ain't shit but a thug affair
I'm at the bar spendin' thug money
Hustle much huh, they say I love money carats like Bugs Bunny
So let's slide you got the right thong
Ju don know I'm all night long
The DJ playing all the right songs
To the BM, rims are muy bien
It's R. Kelly killer camp
Girl can you dig now
Next time you see him yo he lay Mr. Big style[Chorus: R. Kelly]
To all my players and my thugs, to the all the honeys in the club
To all the hoods that show me love, we ride, we ride
To all my ballers rocking ice, getting a room for the night
Taking first class flights, we ride, we ride[Noreaga]
I used to be in Chitown and collect panties
When I'm in Cabrini green you know I hit Sammy's
Thugged out yo my people giving eye jammies
Now them shorites say I'm cute when they can't stand me
R. Kelly yo I'm right from the belly you know the soul
Everything that we spit on is platinum gold
But now it's on the love all the players and the thugs
Yo it's a party going on meet me right at the club
We got some chickens in the living room getting it on
And they ain't leaving til six in the morning
Thugged out some people gettin' head while we on and
Tear the club up every time we performin'
Gun up in your waist please don't shoot up the place
Because this shorty right here lookin' good in my face

Hey yo it's so deep I told shorty just last week
Uh huh, it's like you remind me of my jeep[Chorus][Vegas Cats]
Only ballers be allowed up in here
Moneymakers got my thug niggas watchin' my rear for player haters
18 and I'm livin' the dream go figure
How a nigga that's younger than you ice bigger
Don't sweat that stick the rap nigga try that
Call my nigga R. Kell if you need a hit black
And when you get make it known baby who did it
It'll make your fans hit the stores and go get it
Now here come a bitter sweet note for the fellers
Left out the club with her friend now she jealous
Mad 'cause she chan't ride on the LS
Yeah she kinda mad but a baller could care less
While you sleep sleep sleep
I'm inna Benz going beep beep beep
Got your girl sayin' yo who he
So let's ride to Rockland's party[Jay-Z]
Ghetto prone federal Jay-Z shake the dice let 'em go
Better know I tear down every show better known cheddar prone
Like the chrome big Rolls say it y'all all I need is four bars
I'm hotter than a lot of men switch up cars like Rodman's hair color
And hit your broad I'm borderline too much for the mortal mind
Every time you order me wine finder's mortify now pop that cork then pour the wine
Represent New York to Chitown like what floss mine like of course mine what
Never cross my family can we all get along hell no I'm tryin' to tell y'all
Here it is that rule that biz got your baby daddy but Jay-Z true that is
Better school that kid on whose shoes that is or who I be nigga V-I-P jigga[Chorus][R. Kelly]
Let's get together and make this loot
All I wanna do is make the loot
Come on players, come on players

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